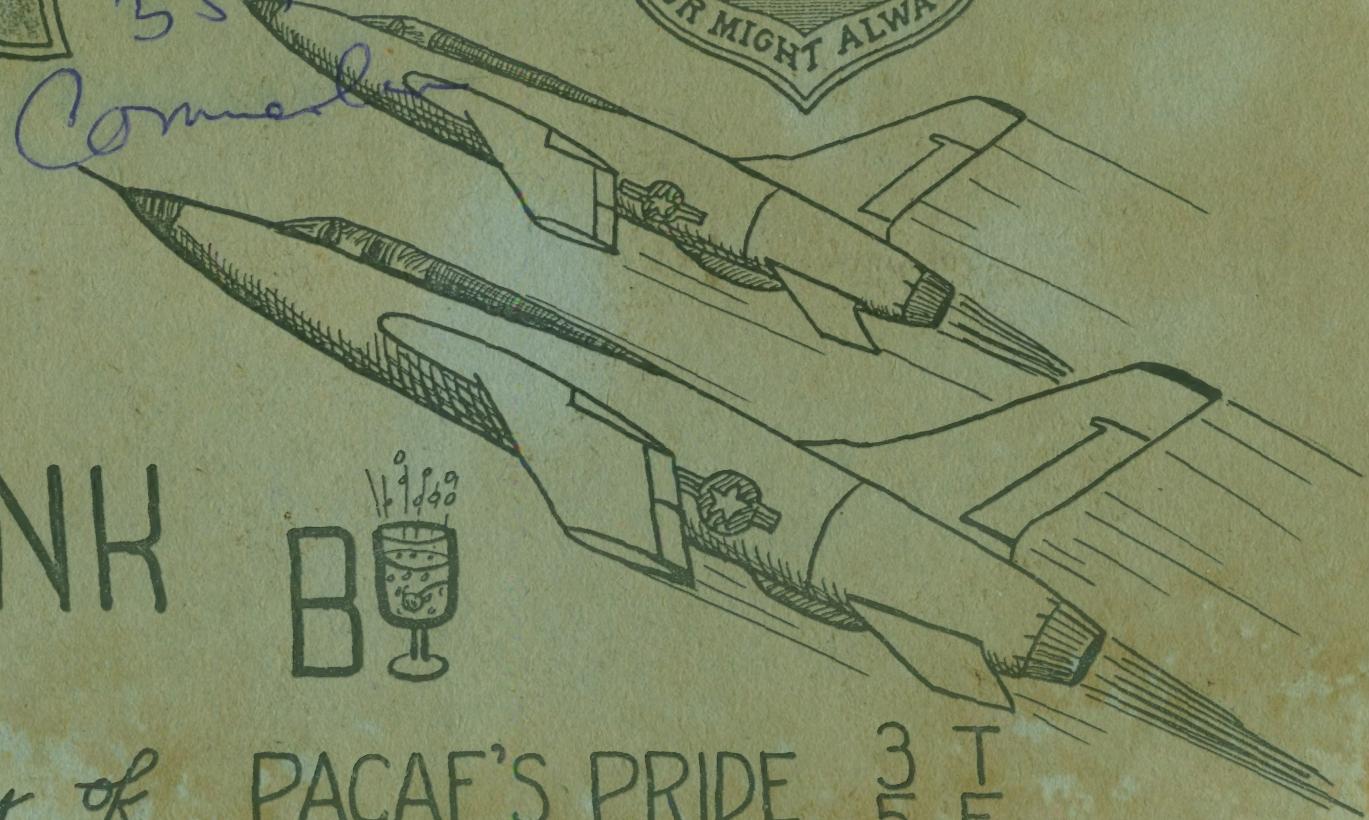


YANKEE AIR PIRATES



YF Col
David O. Boyle
354 TFS



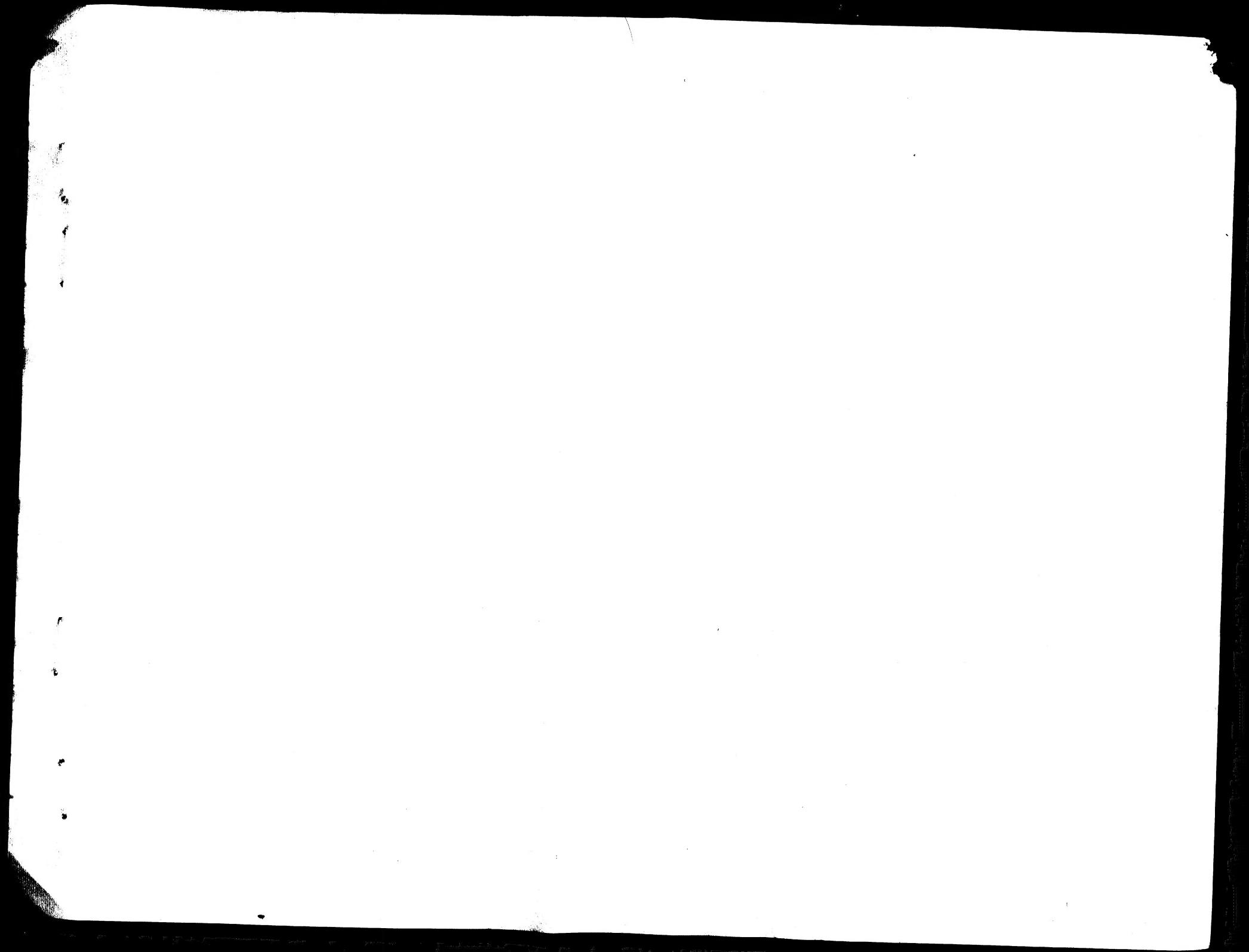
SONGS TO DRINK

Courtesy of PACAF'S PRIDE
TAKHLI RTAFB, THAILAND

355 TFW

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WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY (1)

Tune: My Indiana Home

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong
Harbor,
And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just
around that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play

Oh, you reach your pull up point and
start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start
your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now
you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone
ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all
the sea is friendly
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're
resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high,
and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving
down, you're running,
But his overtake is much to great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of
Tonkin,

You wish the MIGs just hadn't come
to play!!!

THE THUD DRIVERS THEME (2)

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,
To the place where aces dwell
To the strip club down at Zuke
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
Sing they poorly not too clearly,
loud as well

We will throw our glasses wildly,
And throw our bombs as well
And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost
our way,
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,
A-----B-----now!!!

OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN (3)

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly.
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near.
How about that TBC???

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG (4)

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy
summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you
could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really
quite a dog,
She's known around the country as
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will
always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in
Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us
out to die,
He sends us into combat in
Republic's 105

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

THE HO-CHI-MIN TRAIL (5)

Tune: The Navajo Trail

Everyday along about sunrise
When the sky line is beginning to pale;
I load six seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail.

I hate to see the flak a burstin' 'round
me,
I shiver when I think about it's sting
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising
They always seem to yank my pucker
string.

Well, what do you know, it's Bingo al-
ready,
And two hundreds the course that I sail.
Tomorrow I'll load more seven-fifties
and fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail.

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY (6)

Tune: Dashing Through the Snow

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh five,
Through the flack we fly
Trying to stay alive,
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The MIGs come up to play
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The T. R. V. today.

CHORUS

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you.

Trying to stay alive,
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The MIGs come up to play
That fun is it to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today?

(CHORUS)
CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho-Chi-Min,
The "Fives are on their way,
Your luck it has give in,
Ther's gonna be hell to pay,
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare.
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!

(CHORUS)

THE RED RIVER VALLEY (7)

To the valley he said he was flying
and he never saw the pay that he earned.
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
and today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flack is so thick in the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,
We will sit there and tickle the heads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS (8) Tune: Manana

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat
We got Colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)
Our leaders, Our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as Hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer
and tell us we were swell,
But Recce took the B.D.A.,
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up
in Wing, and so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking to
The Wheels in J.C.S.!

(CHORUS)

The J.C.S. are generals
And they're not always right.
Sometimes they have to think it over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgment to
That money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so
Is something he can't do
Before we fly the mission
And everything O.K.
He has to get permission from
Flight Leader L.B.J.!

ON TOP OF THE POP UP (9)

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,

Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust"
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE (10)

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty
crime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack
of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says,
"I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks
of your clothes."
Well I looked him up once and I looked
him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't
thinkin' nice,

So I said in a voice that shook with
the fear,
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place
in mind

Where you can go, if you're not blind,
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up
in twine,

"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn
my pay.

I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief
shout,

"The oil pressure's low, the water
don't work,

And the stab aug's got one hell of a
jerk.

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per,
I got two on the wings and a full loaded
mer.

I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out
on course.

I call for a steer until I am hoarse.
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,
and Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for
the best,
Those bastards don't know the East
from the West.

Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look
for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East
of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy
as pie,
'Til the flak starts burstin' and
coverin' the sky.

I coolly compute all the mils I will need
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.
I check my drift and with the bridge
in my sight,
I mash on the button and pull off
to the right,
Well I check back at six and I see
this big bird,
He's a closing in fast and he's sure
riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a Red Star
on each side,
It must be a MIG and there's no place
to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's
got,
When along comes this SAM-my God
I've been shot!
While driftin' down in my chute
all alone
I'm finally convinced that I'm no
"smokin' stone".
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas
right now
With a face-full of horseshit, my

hand on the plow
but that ain't so and I'm down in
the drink
a day like today can sure make a man
think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missiles, you're
some sittin' duck
At downing good pilots they've had
lots of luck.

I LOVE MY WIFE (11)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, yes
I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her ruby red lips
Her lilly white tits
The hair around her asshole
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
with a wooden spoon.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY (12)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
raised up her leg and farted like a
man
The wind from her bloomers, broke six
windows
The cheeks of her ass went:
BAM!, BAM!, BAM!

UP IN THAT VALLEY (13)

Tune: Down in the Valley

Up in that valley,
that valley so low.
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
the Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang,
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
and the strike pilots flail.
The MIGs try to bounce us,
But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel.
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
right next to my hide.
All I can hear is,
"you're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run.
the target's in sight
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking,
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight.
Oh shit! I just noticed
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast,
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they're saved the day.

Up in that valley
That valley of grief,
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli.
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

POP GOES THE WEASEL (same tune) (14)

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (15)

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (16)

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha

The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the
word.

HALLELUJAH (same tune) (17)

Chorus: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Here's a tanker full of gas
To save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Put your gas-hole on the boom
And you'll be saved.

I was cruising at six angels
In my foxtrot 105,
Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying
Back in the Takhli dive,
When a sudden burst of ack-ack
Was all around the sky
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!
My tanks are running dry!

(CHORUS)

So I squawked my parrot mayday
And called up GCI,
Asking for a tanker
To keep me in the sky.
Well, the Airman-third controller
Said, "Please, don't go away.
Let me call up Seventh
To see if it's okay."

(CHORUS)

Then a friendly tanker pilot
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat.
I've got half a jug of coffee,
So I'm not bingo yet.
If you get a vector to me
I'll be glad to pass some gas.
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,
And don't shoot up my ass."

(CHORUS)

It was really getting hairy
As I speed my old Thud south.
I could feel the cotton rising
All inside my mouth.
Then I saw the silver tanker
And gave a happy shout.
Then I saw the drogue behind
And started punching out.

(CHORUS)

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE (18)

Tune: Where Have All The Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
Oh, when will we ever learn;
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC's gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Cross the fence again, I know.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, Oh, so long.

Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.

Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home; their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

WILD WEASEL (19) Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by
name.

I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big
game.

I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine
bear.

Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all
off at one.

But don't worry fellows, for threats, there
are none.

There's a big one just looking at two o'
clock now.

There's flak all around us. They've shooting,
and how!

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's
at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off

straight.

A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight
suits turned brown.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the
sky.

The missile's at two, boys; now watch it
sail by.

There's smoke from the SAM site out there
in the grass.

Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his
ass.

I'm lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,
fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called
me by name.

I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the
big game.

One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading
for home.

And over those damn hills, I'll never
more roam.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-
hot, fine bear.

12 DAYS OF COMBAT (20)

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force
gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day.....2 rocket pods.

On the third day.....3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day.... 4 AIM 9'S

On the fifth day.... 5 MIGS TO Chase

On the sixth day.... 6 750's

On the seventh day... 7 SAM's a singing

On the eighth day.... 8 Flak sites firing

On the nineth day.... 9 Senators snooping

On the tenth day.... 10 Sandys searching

On the eleventh day.. 11 Choppers whirling

On the twelveth day.. 12 Pooyings waiting

HORSE SHIT (21)

There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown ,
There was a pilot of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town--
Fucked a girl from our town--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed, he
laid her in a feather bed,
and then he twisted out her maidenhead,
Twisted out her maidenhead--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
and-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--
Shoved it in clear up to there--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
and-then-he missed her cunt and split
the stump--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
and-then-he fucked her with his magic wand,
fucked her with his magic wand--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
and-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,
Shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
and-then-he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
And-then-he thought he'd have another round,
Thought he'd have another round,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

I WANTED WINGS (22) S.E.A. Version

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.

I wanted wings.
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches.
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed my porcupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,.
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dressed us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit
there.

Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.
They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regualtions
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well
They can split-S down to Hell,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (23)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in
the ocean.
And I were a whale I would teach them
emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll
your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in
the tower.
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in
the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them
quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep
in the pasture.
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little
white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them
bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little
red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy
Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in
the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them
all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little
white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for
hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little
white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the
dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little
ole turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their
girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy
Rose Lee
And I were her G-String oh boy what I'd
see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses
who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over, it's better than way

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus
And I were a man with a petrified penus

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes
And I were a sports car I'd buzz all their asses

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like B-29's and I were
a Fighter pilot, I'd buzz their behinds

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like strawberry patches
And I were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a shark with a water proof tool.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

Roll Your Leg Over (Continued)

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a wave I'd show them the motions.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest
And I were a woodsman I'd split their Clitoris

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable
And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able

CHORUS:

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks
in a pile

And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish
in a pool

And I were a chap with a waterprcof tool

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (24)

Tune: My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My father makes rum in the bathtub

My mother makes two kinds of gin

My sister makes love for a living

My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money
rolls in, rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money
rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary

He saves little girlies from sin

He'll save you a blonde for five dollars

My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards

My auntie she poses for him

Her costume cost nary a penny

My God how the money rolls in

My father he died in the bathtub

My mother she died of her gin

My sister she married my brother

MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN.

WOODPECKER SONG Tune: Dixie (25)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
replace it

I replace my finger in the woodpeckers
hole

The woodpecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it
around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out, re-
ciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
retract it

I retracted by finger from the woodpeckers
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell,
revolting.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI (26)

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew.
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee.
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast
And fish heads and rice for tea.
But so long as they don't catch me,
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi,
Better listen to me Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS:

Da Nang Lullabye

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that it's really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat,
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyrens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that it's rather silly,
To put sandbags around our bed.

CHORUS:

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (27)

We've been working on the railroad
Every fucking day.
We've been working on the railroad,
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
No rolling stock or switches,
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh,oh
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh
Only 99 more to go.

#1 Clismas Song (28)
Tune?

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawling acloss the cold bare floor,
Flied lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way,
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.
Melly Clismas Uncle.Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

Song of the Wolf Pack (29)
Tune Ghost Riders In The Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack
Go to the briefing room
The mission is a good one
To the MIGS it will mean doom
We're going up to Hanoi
To Kep and Phuc Yen too
To write our bloody record
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky

We cycle through the tanker
The tension starts to rise
We go to meet our destiny
Awaiting in the skies
We tune and arm our missiles
As we streak across the black
Our boss is in the forefront
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell

Song of the Wolf Pack (Continued)

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"
They're MIGS, a flight of two
I'm too close for the sparrow
The sidewinder will do
I'll roll into the six o'clock
Behind the trailing MIG
And let him have a missile
Just like a fiery GIG

Oh other flights engaged more MIGS
Hot action filled the air
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated
Before heading for their lair
The enemy won't soon forget
The awesome deadly toll
As the 8th Wing troops return to base
And make their victory rolls

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky.

If You Fly (30)

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For you life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself its really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless its blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If You Fly (Continued)

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground

CHORUS:

ADELINE SCHMIDT (31)

There once was a maiden named
Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she
couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all
wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went
her ass.

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown shit
falling down
Brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
Covered all over with SHIT, SHIT,
SHIT, SHIT.

A handsome young copper was
walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the
street
He looked up so bashful, he looked
up so shy
And a great gob of shit hit him right
in the eye.

The handsome young copper, he cursed
and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty
old whore
'Neath London bridge he is now forced
to sit
With a sign round his neck saying
"blinded by shit".

NAPALM (32)

Tune: Good ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in
his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit
the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see.
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down
(hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knew I was through
The 37's and 57's had shot my turbine through,
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained
my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit
the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

* On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (33)
Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief,
And a quick triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more,
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (Continued)

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (34)

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon
of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost' em

Chorus:

Ay, Ay, Yi, Yi
In China they never eat Chili,
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around again Willie

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and
no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played
 stormy weather
And lighting shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played
 God save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down
 on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as she handed him
 his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked her
 bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on
 this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are divine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong
 hole
It's the one up in front that's the right
 one.

There was a man from St James
Who played must unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers
 snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the
 flames.

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be
 wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the
 measure
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief
But purely from protestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down
 their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and
the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were
fuckingham

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young queer from Khartuom
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis
time eight
Was four/fifths of five/eights of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her
entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

Where once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallis
They found her vagina, in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into
brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the
green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a licker
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the
piss come
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was tow eggs and
a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a
selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from
the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the
wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (35)

Tune: Bless them all

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-
rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to
Britain
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for
fighting the hun
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of
sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of
an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to
get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying
is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of
the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a
ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and
she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave
many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tu
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll
go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame
out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like
broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as
for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says
they'll really climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up
in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established
a score

It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and
A/B

She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air

Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out
in a dive

A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels
in it

Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on
the floor

And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get
back alive

The MIG-15s chase 'em, they soon will erase
them

Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-O, The bastard
is ready to blow

The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-O

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when
it's blue

An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

THE COED AND THE CADET (36)

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare,
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
Oh the Coed she was bashful and Cadet he was shy,
He asked her if he could and this was her reply:

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right,
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night,
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I'll never let you do it again
I really mean it,
I'll never let you kiss me again

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN (37)

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand
But if there's one thing worse in the univers
It's a woman, I said a woman
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor
And it will roll, because it's round
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
While a woman goes from man to man

POP GOES THE WEASEL (38)

(same tune)

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel,
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped,
Pop goes the weasel.

Willey Peter showed us where
to roll in to displease'em.
One more pass with HEI,
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease'em,
The Russian Techs got all pissed
off
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites,
We grab their balls and squeeze'em
They show their ass, we shoot it off,
Pop goes the Weasel.

THE LADY IN RED (39)

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
the guests were all leaving
O'leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
when a gentleman dapper stepped out of the
crapper
and these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go, mostly go....
Now age has taken her bueaty,
and sin has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters boys,
and let her sleep under the bar.

HUMORESQUE (40)

Passengers will please refrain
from flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the stations, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing statues in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it,
why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to
town.

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots ~~on~~ on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your goddamn
town.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND (41)

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
just fly around all day
while others work and study
and soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
and you will never mind

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
and you will never mind

Come and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
If you're an Air Force flier
And when you get to General, you will
surely find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls
in
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it
And with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in
but you will never care
For in about two minutes more
another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit
But you will never mind

While flying the Pacific
You hear the engine spit
You watch the tach come to a stop
The God Damn thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim
The shore is far behind

Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish
But you will never mind

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
and that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, Jack
and if that bastard quits
It'll be up there all by itself
Cause I will shit and git

And if some wily MIG 21
should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
and call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
and pretty soon you'll find
There is no Hell and all is well
And you will never mind

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT (42)

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
('twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over-
from screwing the maid.

So with canopies open
and heads hung in grief

Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief;

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor - -
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
spread in "pod" - Quite a force!
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled,
Were headed out east,
But the gunners are hosing
Eighty-fives at our beast!

"Why the hell should they hate me?
I cried in dismay,
"I'm egressing, you bastards,
So play it my way!"

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit;
And I know there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed,
Did we drop the whole load
On the cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode!

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
"Eat your heart out, you bitch,
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET.

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red -
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

'Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July!
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four
Broke down, left, then right -
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

"Well ol' buddy," my number one
GIB says to me,
"it looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee.

"And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten -
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

"For I just know goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night!

"And I want you to know"
he hastened to add,
"That in case we don't make it -
Please don't get mad!

"It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work -

I told you that twice,
you dumb fuckin' jerk!

"A tank didn't feed;
The doppler was short;
(you said) we'll get our counter -
No matter what!

"Well, you've got your first counter -
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!"
Was the word of the day;
So we punched, not at ten,
But at two, so they say.....

"BROWN ANCHOR" (43)

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four
For briefing I weren't there
"Get your ass here right away
You've been elected spare".

"Oh Brown Anchor"
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I was setting by the runway
And feeling mighty low
"Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak
I guess I'll have to go!"

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I guess I told a little lie
It probably wasn't fair
It was my only chance to say,
"Bear spare is in the air."

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

It was raining out when we took off
Night weather we did fly
We rendezvous at nineteen thou
My tank were nearly dry

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

As we climbed out I had to fart
My belly it did swell
I had to put my mask back on
I couldn't stand the smell

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles
You're cleared refueling freq
"Tally-ho" our flight leader cried
And head-on we did meet.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

We hung out at 14 thou
The burner going strong
The flak came flying by my bow
We can't hang out here long.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Oh I pulled off the target
And for B.D.A. looked back
I couldn't see the bomb burst
For the son-of-a-bitchen' flak

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Finally got my hundred flown
To the states I'm flying back
6 more hours on my ass
And then into the sack

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage
My wife she sure did flip
I hope that she will understand
I just adopted "Nip"

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast

I rolled over with a sigh
Bed springs were sagging low
Put a mark upon the wall
Only 99 to go.

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

Though I had a Bravo frag
As I jumped into bed
It was a real tight target
So I marked it up in red

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

DOWNTOWN (44)

When you got a belly full o' bravo's
and shyspots you can always go --
Downtown.

When you been drinkin' and "cancel"
you're thinkin', you are sure to go --
Downtown.

Listen to the music of the Fan Songs
softly singing

Look and see the contrails of the
MIGs so swiftly winging
Sweat out the booze.

The flak is much blacker there
It shakes up the pilots
It shakes up the bears

To go downtown
Tried flying fast and slow
Downtown
Tried flying high and low
Downtown
Everything's shooting at you.

Look and see the airfields with their
runways so inviting
See the interceptors coming up to join
the fighting
Get out of here
SAM's are much thicker there
Come up in singles
Come up in pairs
Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly,
you can always go
Downtown
Somehow the feeling in your stomach gets
sickly when you have to go
Downtown
Crew chiefs launch their aircraft with a
pride and care amazing
Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their
afterburners blazing
They're going again
Our buddies are jailed up there
We still remember and we still all care
So we go
Downtown
Til it is o'er and done
Downtown
Til it is through and won
Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

RING DANG DOO (45)

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked
like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-
doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

AIR CORPS LAMENT (46)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
fighting sky.
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for
nothing but to fly.
But now these hearts are grounded and those days
are long gone by,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory—flying regulations have them read
at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Force is Shot to Hell.

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred
thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly
wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS.

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes
were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that
blasted Hanoi's name,
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their
heads in shame,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderchiefs through a
living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring
them back
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations
Shack
The Force is Shot to Hell

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the
Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails
in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are
wet with dew
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings
of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your
heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',
groanin', squeal,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang
the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when
men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may
do wrong,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

Chorus:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played
the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled
our way to fame,
But know that's all VERBOTEN and we're all to
gash-darn tame,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But tere's a new directive and we'll have no more of
that

The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Thunderchief up to where
the air is thin?

Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear
the screaming din?

Have you tried to do it lately?

Better not--you'll auger in,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

My eyes get dim with tears when I recall the
days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or
"young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite
old,
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may
still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have
not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and
really let
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

FLAK SHOWERS (47)

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way,
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
stay and fight alone.

I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
and knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

MARY ANNE BURNS (48)

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big Sonofabitch, twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane
drive a truck
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me..

HERE'S TO _____ (49)

Here's to _____ he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh, he tried to go to heaven
But he went the other way
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
chug-a-lug
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
chug-a-lug.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (30)

Tune: Throw a Nickle on the Drum

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots
shouted BALLS
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets
And shove them up your ass."

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a
nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a
nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There can a call from the Major, Oh won't
you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my
tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my
ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked
all right
The air speed read one-thirty, my God I
racked it tight
The air frame gave a shudder, the engine
gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions
please

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and
headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's
in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose
into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get
there

The boys up from that other group, they
think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails", that
they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when are
they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before
they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say
we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never
more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are
planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our
next TDU

I started on my take off, I thought the
flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake
craped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it
was great fun
But then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I
come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we
flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't
last

CALL OUT THE RESERVES (51)

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
They'll call out the Gaddamn reserves

CHORUS

Call out, call out
Call out the Goddamn reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the Goddamn reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the Goddamn Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man
They call up every old jock
The reservists are sent to Korat
The regulars stay in Bangkok.

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the Gaddamn Reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

VIRGIN STURGEON (52)

Tune: Ruben, Ruben

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate

Oysters they are fishy bevalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips her and grips for days.

DA NANG LULLABYE (53)

Tune: My Bonnie lies over the ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that its really fair.

Chorus:

Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

Chorus:

continued

They sent our old instructors, to teach us
all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those
dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through
the mach
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like
a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there
was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting
on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I
was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought
the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me
the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of
jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more
and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a
high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all
done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my
beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end
was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save
me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second
verse

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left
wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up
and go around
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet
or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear
came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got God Damn
low
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my
babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit
a high speed stall
How I won't see my mother when the works
all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said
"Shoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were
holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no
longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to
die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing
was top line
With my E and E equipment, I made for our
front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what
was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the
thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged
to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin
of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for break-
fast till I die

Each morning we go off to combat
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

Chorus:

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around the bed.

Chorus:

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85mm GUNNER (54)
Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed
till he is hoarse,
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job
to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't what to fight no more,

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my
gun I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense
of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I
call grand
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like
it one damn bit.
If they miss me this last time I think that I
shall quit,
The Thuds are coming in.

Chorus:

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare up pissless in a way we know
so well
Our Commie Satin he stands up, you hear that
bastard yell
The Thuds are coming in.

CHICKEN SONG (55)

We had some chickens, no eggs ~~|||||~~ would
they lay
We had some chickes, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, honey, it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay.
One day a rooster flew into the yard
and caught the poor chickens completely off guard.
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to,
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

THE LITTLE BIRD (56)

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd
A sitten on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a pack
as he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW (57)

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone
I work at the weaver's trade
and the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time
part of the winter too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep,
This pretty, pretty maid
Knelt by my bedside
And there she began to weep.
She wept, she cried
She damn near died
Alas, what could I do
So I took her into bed
And covered up her head
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year has gone by
Still a bachelor am I.
And I work at the weaver's trade
Comes a-knocking at my door
It's a voice I've heard before,
It's the voice of the fair young maid.
She handed me a little one
She said, "What can I do"?
So I took him into bed
Just to cover up his head
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every, every time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time,
Part of the summer too,
Of the many, many times that I gazed into her eyes
to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO (58)

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in chicago, I did but I don't
any more
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she wanted
Felt she said, so felt her I did
I did, but I don't work there any more.

Cake-layer

Lamp-Floor

Food-Pet

Birds-Love

Glue-Paste

Scarf-Neck

Cream-Massage

Girdle-Rubber

Razor-Injector

SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL (59)

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Chorus:

Singing toraly toraly toraly A
Toraly toraly A
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard
feel big.

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation!
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
can be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys at Yale
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they
roam
And here's to their dirty faced bastards
God bless them, they may be our own.

Here's to old fort Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And here's to those Indian maidens
They gave us our first piece of tail.

UNCLE GEORGE & AUNTIE MABEL (60)

Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Uncle George & Auntie Mabel, fainted
at the breakfast table,
This should be sufficient warning,
never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now
they do it every night
Uncle George is hoping soon, to do
it in the afternoon.
A.....men.

INTO THE AIR 69ERS (61)

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down
Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's
go down, we'll all go down.
And when we see those bastard Commies
And when we make them shit a pound,
you can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, On to your back
"soisante-neuf"

We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when you see those "golf balls" flying
And the flak begins to blast,
You can bet the 68ers
Will bite 'em in the ass!

TING-A-LING (62)

Beside a Laotian waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young pursuitor lay.

His parachute hung from a tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night.
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
Were girls are really women
Oh, death were is thy sting.

Oh, death were is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, death were is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me... so:

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out
your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out
your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye!

BANG IT INTO LULU (63)

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girls work in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores.

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
Band it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a Pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim.

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was suckin' off a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence.

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING (64)

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air,
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch,
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore,
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low,
I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel",
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life,
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

DIRTY LIL (65)

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbage hill,
Never bathed,
Never will,
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil.

LETS HAVE A PARTY (66)

Parties make the world go round:
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party.

RAY= SHIT HOT

We're going to tear down the bar in our club.-- Boo
We're gonna build a NEW bar RAY

It's gonna be a foot wide BOO
But it'll be a mile long RAY

There'll be no bartenders in our bar
We're gonna have BARMMAIDS

Our barmaids will wear long dresses
Made of CELLOPHANE

You can't take our barmaids home
They'll take YOU home

You can't sleep with our barmaids
They won't let you sleep

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass
Whiskey free

Only one to a customer
Served in buckets

WE're gonna throw all the beer in
the river
Then we'll all go swimming

No girls allowed above the first floor
With their clothes on

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor
And no dancing on the LOVING floor

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING (67)

Board the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
And the mast a rampant penis

Chorus:

Friggin in the riggin, friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin, There's fuck all else
to do.

The captain of his liiger
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan
By God he was a gorgon,
Ten times a day he used to play
Upon his sexual organ

The Second Mate's name was Andy
He was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum
For coming in the brandy

The Midshipman's name was Nipper
He was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass
To circumcise the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mable
When ever she was able
She'd fornicate with the Second Mate
Upon the gallery table

The Captain had a daughter
Who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

SPANISH GUITAR (68)

Oh the first port of call it was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we made them

Chorus:

Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a Spanish guitar, Plink-plink-plink
Singing hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy

Sideways: swish-swish

My idea of a woman is a big fat whore

Shit-bag: Fuck-stick

Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way
and a tune on a Spanish Guitar, Plink-plink-plink

...The next port of call it was Boston, Boston
Where I screwed a girl named Austin

...The next port of call it was Malta, Malta
Where girls wouldn't screw but they ought ta

SHANTY TOWN (69)

There's a shanty in the town on a little
plot of ground
With the green grass growin all around,
all around
The roofs so worn so badly torn that it
tumbles to the ground
Just a tumble down shack and it's built way
back
!Bout twenty-five feet from the railroad
track

Lingers on my mind most all of the time
Keeps calling me back to my little grass
shack

I'd be just as sassy as Haile Selassie
If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing
Put my boots on tall read the writting on
the wall

And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a God-
damned thing

There's a queen waiting there in a rocking
chair
Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer
I'm looking all around and trucking on down
'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (70)

A pilot told me before he died
And I don't think the bastard lied
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls and a prick made of steel
The two brass balls were filled with cream
And the Whole fucking issue was driven
by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last that maiden cried
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered
with shit

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP (71)

Not a soul down on the corner
It's a pretty certain sign
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs
They've forgot Sweet Adeline
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down through lovers lane
Now and then, we meet again
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

DOODLE-LEE-DOO (72)

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
I like the rest, but the part I like best
Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers
What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo
I would suggest that they shbuld undress
and doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Cherries are red, ready for plucking
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool
I love it so wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie
Last saturday night, Saturday night
It must have been real, cause I heard
Marie squeal

Last Saturday night, Saturday night
Don't know what, what you were doing
Someone said you were doodle-lee-dooing
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
She made a hit just playing her bit
In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
Twenty-four hours, that's all there was to it
How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it
She got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

FIGHTER PILOTS (73)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh that place is full of queers, navigators,
bombardiers

But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers
out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot
at every day

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbond,
fancy clothes

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in
the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round
on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase
the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty, but it's nice.

Oh look at the 388th in the club
Oh look at the 388th in the club
They don't party, they won't sing,
355th does everything
Oh look at the 388th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he
does is flub his did
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

KATHUSELEM (74)

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus:

Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of
Jeruselem
Prostitute of ill repute, the daughter
of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jeruselem

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a fiant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old eruselem

One night returning from a spree
A quite consistant jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced to cross Kathuselem

And so he challanged her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards it throbbed and shook
The walls of old Jesuselem

This giant of old was underslung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem

Kathuselem she knew her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew him like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem

ACE IN THE HOLE (75)

Oh the world is full of guys, who think
they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling
up and down broadway
Telling of the things that they can do
Oh there are wise men and there are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang
around the Metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do
they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for
coin
that's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're
going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump
playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole

TITANIC (76)

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when
they had it through
They thought they had a ship, that the
water would never come through
But the lord almighty's hand, said the ship
would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
It was sad when that great ship
went down
To the bottom of the..
Husbands and Wives, ittie bittie
children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship
went down

T'was on a tuesday morn, they were nearing
England's shore
And the rich refused to associate with
the poor
So they put the poor below where they
were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down

They were nearing England's shore and
were heading for the dock
When the old ship Titanic began to reel
and rock
Oh the captain tried to wire, but the
wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down

Then the ship began to list, and the lights
began to flicker
And a drunk cried out, my God where is my
likker
So they brought out the bottle and they passed
it all around
It was sad when that great ship went down

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark
and stormy sea
And the band struck up with Nearer My God
To Thee
Little children wept and cried as the waves
swept over the side
It was sade when that great ship went down

SAMMY SMALL (S.E.A. STYLE) (77)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all,
Oh we fly the Dad Damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all,
Oh they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to jink
L.B.J.'s a God Damn fink
So fuck 'em all

Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all

Oh we're on a J.C.S,
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a J.C.S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we strafed God Damn Hanoi
Killed every fucking girl and boy
What a God Damn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all

Oh my bird fot all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot
So fuck 'em all

While I'm swinging in my chute
fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So fuck 'em all

BATTLE HYMN: (78)

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and
snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth
of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory Hallelujah. Glory,
Glory Hallelujah, '(insert last line of each verse).

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and
corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a
fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and
snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the
fucking ground.

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION: (79)

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of brandy and wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunts no bigger than mine.

Chorus: Roly poly tickle my holey
Slippery slimey slu
Rattle your nuts across my guts
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in and the birds fly out
And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
And didn't come out till June.

NO BALLS AT ALL: (80)

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in he box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus; No balls at all
No balls at all
A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight
to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at
all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME: (81)

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Whereeever I may roam
O'er land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

MARY ANNE BURNS: (82)

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big Sonofabitch, twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane,
drive a truck
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

AIR FORCE SONG: (83)

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,

Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot
of gold
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U.S. Air Force.